

White Hunters
Because they are enemies of the state
(Purs) but mainly ~~not~~ ^{are trying to} of a just reason -

Because they would kill you
to make you go away ~~and not of you~~ ^{Because you are there,}

It is all right to hunt these men (who are
sixteen--or sometimes thirteen--but look ^{and}
fourteen till they are thirty, if they
live through the hunt; beardless, except those ^{unlike} ~~the~~
who attain great age and goatees, by being
wily and ~~may be~~ running with both sides).

Fair game, then; but even better as hunters,
striking from cover (they know it all, ^{hides near their homes}
round about their homes), or behind paddy-dikes; or
treelines (like redskins; we're red-coats) especially:
approach these warily,
eyes quick, hand on the trigger; paddy-water
holding your crotch, pressing cool against thighs;
mud eating your boots, making noise.

This is the ^{best} trip--in paddies or jungle, or
at night on the dikes, riceleaves black against
a moon in the water--being hunted while hunting.
Some don't dig it, and it can get to be a drag,
like anything; but at first, and at best, ^{and some never dig; but}
it keeps you awake, very very alive, super-cool:
knowing you're watched, walking into traps,
waiting to shoot your way out with guns that
fire as long as you press the trigger
(summer twilights, the garden hose with
your thumb on the nozzle).

The only game in-country
is men. These new guns would ruin a deer--make
a tiger-rug look like a leopard--but the
good skins have departed anyway (having no
graves to tend), border-crossing to Cambodia,
which is ass-deep in Vietnamese tigers and
elephants, keeping their noses clean.

Even in choppers hunters get to be stalked.
In the old colonies, it wasn't pukka to
shoot from vehicles, but the new rule is,
Wait till you're fired on--sound of corn popping--
then wheel and hose with the .50 caliber;
sometimes (generals get to do this) swoop low
enough to reach down, pull up a quarry
exhausted still running, by his bushy black hair,
lay his fine-boned, heaving bloody chest across
green thighs to carry back.

Nothing wrong, is there, in hunting men
who hunt you? Their line, of course, is, It's
their country; they have a right, you have
no business, etc. But then,
the tigers could have said that. Or the Indians.